

ON THEIR
Majesties Coronation.

By Nat. Lee Gent.

To the KING,

Monarch and Prince and mightiest of thy Line,
Where all the praises of the publick joyn;
Auspicious Lord, and the most Sovereign Good,
Whom poor Conspirators, in vain withstood
By subterfuge, and little daring Arts,
And brainless Heads oppos'd to English Hearts.
Whose truth by honour and by love was prov'd,
When last extreams by dreadful causes mov'd.
Such black designs the Muses blush to name,
That turn the Blood and blow it to a flame.
But generous Monarchs easily forgive,
And tis your condescension that they live.
Heav'n has rewards, and Heav'n remits the cure,
To a Mild King, that makes their Arts despair.
No scorn, no hate, but all Majestick Grace,
The stamp of God upon a Royal Face.
You shall be Blest, in spite of their design,
And Crown'd the Monarch of a Monarch's Line;
To whom the Blest in their bright Liveries run,
Like Morning Clouds upon a rising Sun.
The mildest Greatness, and serenest Love,
As if the Nations by their Shepherd drove.
This mounts your Royal Power, tis this alarms
Astrea's rest, and binds you to her Arms.
That happy Beauty where the World's amazed,
As if the Stars on their own Goddess gaz'd.
That Heav'nly Nature, and Imperial Grace,
Those Eyes of Triumph, and that Conquering Face.
Where all the pleasures of the Earth refine
Like waters forc'd, that in a Diamond mine.

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The Luxury of Heav'n, that cou'd unload
It self, to joyn a Heroine with a God.
Peace to your Days, Peace to your Nights and Years,
Forget the Dangers, and forgive the Fears.
Where all our Spirits tremble to your Crown,
Like cautious Guardians when the Furies frown.
Be yours the safety, and be ours the care,
That will be watchful on the Foes despair.
So when the Serpent to his Covert ran,
The Guardian Angel took the charge of Man.
We'll grow more wise by our first Monarch's fall,
And keep the second stand or perish All.
Accept this humble Paper from a Hand,
That owns obedience to the last Command.
That looks with joy upon your rising Power,
If Poets minutes make a pleasant Hour.
That poor unhappy Tribe whom Nature sent,
For foils to Power and Heav'n for beauty lent.
But charg'd and fate consented to the Law,
To veil the greatness which they cou'd not draw.
Then let the Acclamations of the croud,
And all the Hearts that to your entrance bow'd,
Joyn in Eternal Prayer to bless your Crown,
And *London's* shouts the Cannon's ecchoes down.

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